

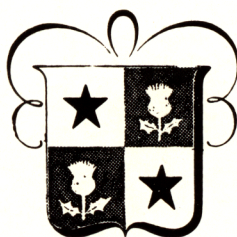
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**“A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club”**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

Spring Meeting

THE SPRING meeting, steeped in tradition, is a triumph over time; for, while men and horses pass, the Spring meeting makes its merry annual emergence from the folds of the calendar.

It captures the breath of a season when the sap is sweetening the stem, when the burgeoning and the blossoming represent a recrudescence rather than a change of colour; when those who have seen so many Spring meetings experience anew the ecstasy of that first association; when newcomers are enchanted by scenes unwinding, as it were, on a spacious screen—a film in technicolour.

Such people as they, drawn from all levels of the social strata, provide by their magnitude the best answer to any who would decry racing as a pastime. Their presence puts the stamp of public approval on the sport as it is conducted by institutions, such as the one in the picture in Spring—the A.J.C.

None will deny that racing attracts undesirables, that it provides opportunities for evil-doing, that the frail are likely to falter; but racing in that respect is merely a facet of life; what matters is that, within the compass of A.J.C. and S.T.C. jurisdictions—mentioning but two—evil-doing is reduced to a minimum; retribution awaits the evil-doer. Further, the people in general have the utmost faith in the probity and the capacity of the administrators—Mr. Potter and his committeemen, Mr. Hill and his committeemen, to cite examples.

So it is that the best in the land—the best, not necessarily in pocket, but the best in heart, can, and do mingle at Randwick and at other courses, sharing their communion of spirit.

Life itself could not proceed as happily as on a racecourse, where persons live breathlessly from race to race, and with such gay abandon. We often think it a pity, however, that the spirit possessing men in such a setting is not carried more into their relationship outside the turnstiles; that much that they win inside, and which money cannot buy, they are prone to forfeit outside.

Be that as it may, the Spring meeting with its happy reunions taught us a lesson—that we may make the best of life by making the most of life, even as Pan plays a few festive notes on his pipes as a salute to Spring.



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

S. E. CHATTERTON

Treasurer:

JOHN HICKEY

Committee:

**F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**G. J. C. MOORE
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F. G. UNDERWOOD
DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

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DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

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Pacific Coast Club.
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OLYMPIC CLUB San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

OCTOBER.

4th L. C. Wicks	20th Alex. Colquhoun
K. J. Patrick	
5th F. P. Robinson	21st E. R. Deveridge
6th E. W. Bell	D. S. Orton
S. V. Toose	27th A. J. Moverley
9th S. S. Crick	29th R. G. Plasto
14th H. Townsend	31st C. Bartlett
A. Leslie Cooper	

NOVEMBER.

7th J. A. Portus	26th R. R. Coote
14th C. Salom	27th L. Noakes
15th F. D. Foskey	29th W. H. Davies
17th H. R. Carter	30th Barney Fay
21st S. Peters	

OFFICIAL luncheon on the occasion of the club's September meeting, with the chairman (Mr. S. E. Chatterton) as official host, and members of the committee present, was largely attended. Among the guests were representatives of the State Govt., A.J.C. and S.T.C.

This was the first luncheon held in Tattersall's Room since it had been re-decorated. The floral display was greatly admired.

* * *

WE regret to record the deaths of: George Main, elected 16.3.31, died 31.8.48; Bayley Payten, elected 14.8.1922, died 9.9.48; W. G. Digby, elected 19.2.34, died 9.9.48.

* * *

MR. MAIN was for some years a member of the A.J.C. committee, and later chairman. In that time he rendered outstanding service to the sport of racing. He won the confidence and affection of all sections.

* * *

BAYLEY PAYTEN carried on a tradition established by his father and inherited much of his sire's personal qualities as well as judgment allied with skill.

* * *

WALTER DIGBY was the stuff of which heroes are made. He walked into primitive New Guinea with pick and shovel, prospected for gold, struck it rich, and dug it out. A physical handicap in later years did not sour his lovable nature. Generous and gentle as he was always, his memory will remain evergreen.

W. L. BRAINARD is recovering from an illness. Fred Gawler is convalescing after an operation. Cheerio to both good fellows.

* * *

IN a strict check on clubs before U.S. Open Championship at Los Angeles, Frank Stranahan was told to file his—the ones he used to win the British amateur. He took 72.

* * *

LONDON bookmaker William Hill laid 4 to 1 against England winning the Ashes; 5 to 1 on Australia; evens against England winning any one Test of the five.

* * *

ROY LAWLER, committeeman of N.S.W. Trotting Club, tells the story: "Tivoli Star, winner of the pacers' division of the Derby at Harold Park, was trained and driven by Bill McKay. When I visited his stables in Melbourne, I was surprised to see the boss and all hands working in coats, collars and ties. Naturally I asked why, Bill replied, pleasantly enough: "Of course, we're all gentlemen here."

* * *

MOST-owned horse to win the Rosehill Guineas was Shakespeare in 1936. He ran in the name of Dr. C. Nigel Smith, E. L. Bailleau, A. W. Thompson and "Mr. Constable." All have passed from the earthly scene.

* * *

GENEROUS: French theatre-owner, Leon Volterra, old friend of Jack Hylton's, has given La Verite, a full sister to his Derby winner, My Love, to beautiful Fifi Hylton, who'll race her in England. And he's selling Derby second, Royal Drake, to Argentina for £60,000.

* * *

ALAN MCGILVRAY, N.S.W. State cricketer, who broadcast the Test matches from England, told of a match in which Arthur Morris hooked over square leg a ball on the middle stump. Miller, at the

other end, shook his mane reprovingly. Morris repeated the stroke next ball. Miller walked down the pitch and said: "Arthur, you can't play that way. If you miss balls on the middle stump you're out." Morris replied: "But they were only half-volleys."

* * *

H. R. H. FOLEY says: "Horses in the majority are being bred for speed. Unless A.J.C. and S.T.C. caters more for stayers, the next decade will produce mostly half-milers. My father's mare, Neith, won the Challenge with 10.4 and beat Trafalgar and Lord Nolan in the A.J.C. Randwick Plate."

* * *

THE reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends upon unreasonable men.—Bernard Shaw in "Maxims for Revolutionaries."

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES :

House Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), J. Hickey (Treasurer), F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, G. J. C. Moore, J. A. Roles.

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles.

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee.

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

PRIZE-GIVING

Members attended a cocktail party in the club on the evening of September 13. Occasion was the presentation by the Chairman (Mr. Chatterton) of trophies won at the club's billiards and snooker tournaments. The recipients were:

BILLIARDS: Messrs. G. Fienberg (winner), Fred Vockler (runner-up), H. Hill and L. J. Haigh.

Snooker: Messrs. J. H. Peoples (winner), A. J. Chown (runner-up), H. P. Plomley and G. Webster.

The Chairman spoke of the good sportsmanship by which the games had been distinguished, without exception. This was as it should be and as it had always been in club competitions. Again, the games were marked by fine finishes and seldom in any contest had the gallery been disappointed by the showing. A coincidence was that history had repeated itself in the billiards competition—winner and runner-up being the same players as on the pre-

vious occasion.

The Chairman acknowledged on behalf of competitors and of members the service rendered by the Billiards and Snooker Sub-committee, in the smooth running of the tournaments and in the excellence of the handicapping. Members of the Sub-committee were: Messrs. A. J. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth and C. E. Young.

The games had been played on the table on which in 1938 Walter Lindrum and Clarke McConachy had played for the world's billiards championship.

This year the committee decided to permit attendance of club members only at the games.

Makes Owners Happy

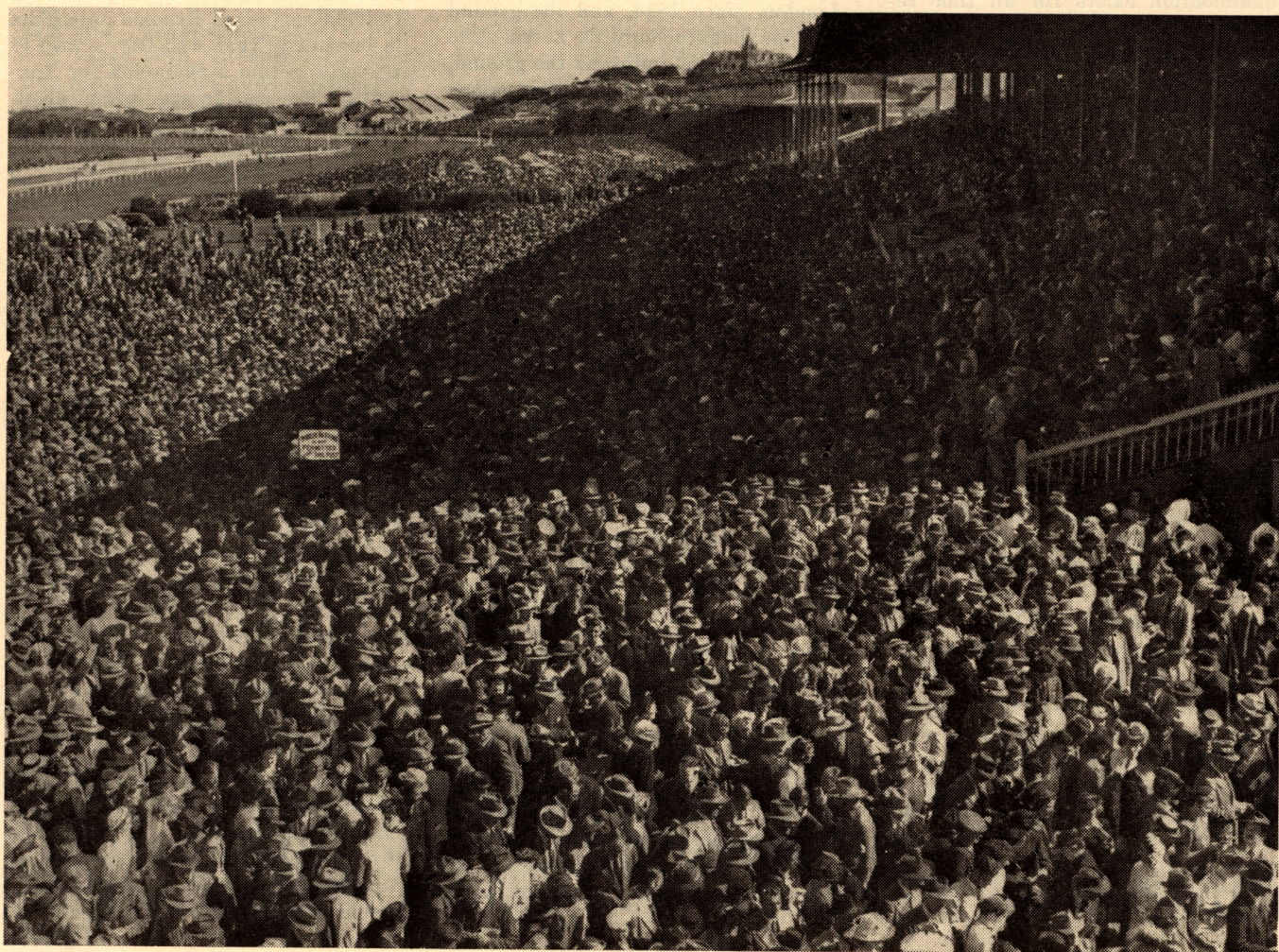
RACE clubs in Australia try to please owners, but the task is not always easy.

An American club recently featured on last of its 3 days' meeting a "Go Away Happy Purse," restricted to owners who had not won a race at the fixture. In addition, each starter lifted a farewell present of 100 dollars. It was a successful innovation.

Of course, such an event would be difficult to stage in Australia, but clubs could get away from some of the stereotyped programmes with which most owners and trainers are familiar.

THE trouble with neighbours' children is that they live only a stone's throw away.

—"Saturday Evening Post."



Here's an unusual picture of Randwick Racecourse on Cup Day. After placing their bets in the special reserve behind the Members' Stand spectators gather in the Paddock to watch their fancies run into various places at the finishing post. In the distance will be noted the St. Leger Reserve and, just behind, the entrance to the straight.

Don Bradman's Greatest Compliments

Cricket's "Holy of Holies"

Don Bradman, to all intents and purposes, has played his last game of first-class cricket. Whether his deeds will ever be duplicated is pure conjecture. Records are made to be broken, but Don has set such an ante that it is almost inconceivable his scores will ever be eclipsed. Added to that, he is among the greatest captains the game has ever known—admitted freely at Lord's, the "holy of holies" whose controllers hastened to do him honours previously unknown.

THEY feted him and others followed suit.

Bradman is now a life member of Yorkshire and Lancashire Clubs and that means much more than just meets the eye.

To play for Yorkshire County one must be born in Yorkshire and, once having been born, the residential qualification exists for all time regardless of residential qualifications subsequently. Don was not born in Yorkshire (he was born in Cootamundra, N.S.W.) but has been accorded the honour of being "proclaimed" Yorkshire born and fellow team-mate of such giants as Wilfred Rhodes, Hirst and the rest.

Lancashire County, whose rules are not quite so stringent, followed the Yorkshire lead and now that Don has laid down his bat for the last time (unless he plays in his forthcoming testimonial match) the English idea is that no honour is too great.

To break through English tradition is ever an achievement and the history of Lord's supplies a shining example of just what Don Bradman has meant to international cricket and the esteem he enjoys; Lord's, which nine people out of 10 people erroneously suppose has some connection with the allegedly exclusive governors and law-makers of the game.

The suggestion of aristocracy in the name of the famous ground of the Marylebone Club is misleading. The ground had its origin in the request of the Earl of Winchelsea and others to Thomas Lord to select and superintend a cricket pitch near London.

Thomas Lord's forbears had been obliged to leave Scotland because of participation in the rebellion of 1745.

The industrious Scot chose his ground, and with meticulous care protected his turf.

Twice the site of Lord's field changed, but Lord took the original turf at each migration and relaid it.

Stood for 120 Years

Lord's has been where it is, at St. John's Wood, in the north-west of London, since 1814, and the ground and buildings occupy 20 acres. The M.C.C. controls and owns the ground, and membership is a privilege money cannot buy.

The waiting list is as long as the membership roll, but it was reported that proposals were being made to absorb candidates at a faster rate than hitherto.

There is a slight slope on the ground, and the wicket at one end falls away, but the effect on the bowling of this particular flaw is inclined to be exaggerated.

An Australian ground is not regarded as properly equipped without sight screens at either end.

The sight screen at the members' end of Lord's pitch is in the shape of glass doors leading to the bar. Their opening and shutting have been known to disconcert batsmen, but the M.C.C. is a conservative body.

Cherished Dreams

Lord's is the home ground of Middlesex.

Every schoolboy is brought up to believe that to play at Lord's is an honour; to make a century, fame; and to make a century on a first appearance beyond cherished dreams.

To Billy Ponsford, however, fell the last distinction, when he made 110 with the eleven led by H. L. Collins in 1926.

Nearly Lost Him

Australia nearly lost Don back in 1932 when Lancashire League (ac-

tually Accrington Club) offered fantastic terms for his services. It was touch and go and the writer handled the Australian end of all negotiations so readers can accept this as authentic.

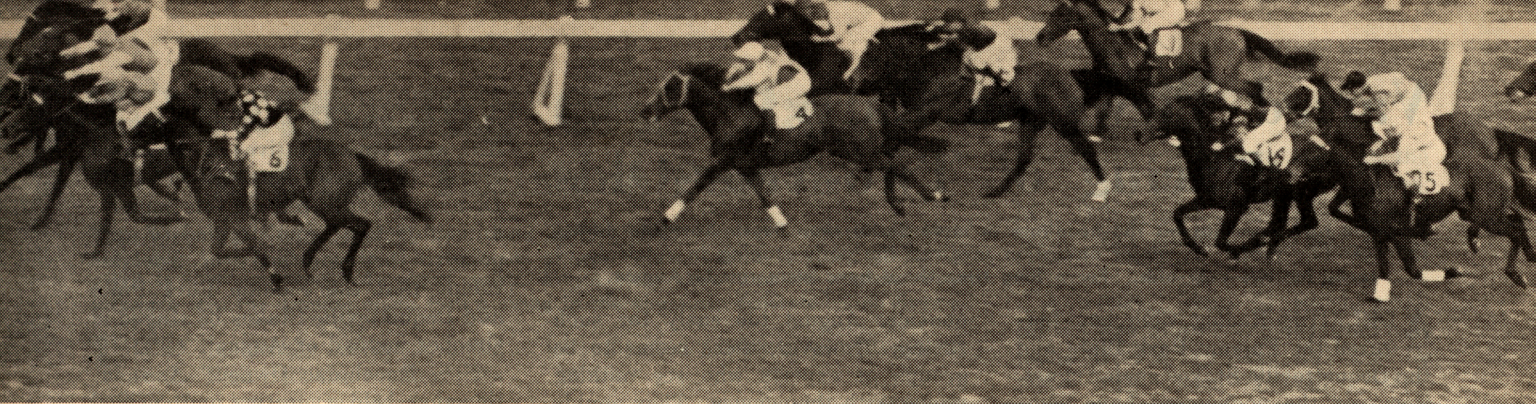
Don, on the last day we had to make a final decision, was all at sea. We held an unexpected meeting in a Hunter St. restaurant at which Bert Oldfield suggested Bradman join him in business. That was Bert's way of trying to retain a champion for Australia. The matter was left in abeyance for just a few hours. Then, in the afternoon the "Sun" newspaper combined with radio station 2UE and Palmers Ltd. with a combined offer of contract representing £3,000 per year and Bradman, in a final decision signed on the dotted line.

Perhaps Don will excuse me for giving some details of what he turned down to play in Australia:—

£500 for 20 matches plus a guarantee of 10 mid-week games at £15 each; Talent Money (for 50 runs off the bat or outstanding bowling performance); Royalties on certain brand of leading cricket bats; same for cricket balls; chocolates; cricket shirts; cricket trousers and another £500 to act as judge at one race meeting (dogs) each Wednesday night. I have omitted some of the major "trophy" he could have garnered.

Why, oh why, I often ask, was I not born a champion batsman? In conclusion let me add that Mr. Gideon Holgate, secretary of Lancashire League, honoured to the last degree our plea for secrecy and through the years since a friendship engendered by cable, oversea phone and general correspondence has resolved into a mutual friendship by all concerned.

—Claude Spencer.



Finish of the 1948 Tramway Handicap run at Tattersall's Club Meeting on Sept. 11, 1948—DE LA SALLE, 8.4 (J. Thompson) 1; ULTERIOR, 7.4 (N. McGrowdie) 2; Sir Raven, 7.5 (N. Best) 3.

Two Cups—Facts and Figures

Picking the winner of any important handicap is no simple matter. Rather is it an achievement. Most turf enthusiasts have their own ideas about what might win either or both the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. Others rely a good deal on statistics which on occasions are a guiding, though not a determining, factor.

MOST newspaper writers and other keen turfmen keep their own statistics and guides, adding to them each racing season. Others rely on what they read, either in newspapers, or through special booklets available.

Facts and figures is a heading featured by "Miller's Guide," an annual publication recognised as a leading authority on the subject.

Reading some of these, writer has selected a number which might help members in their Cup chasing, that is for the ever elusive winner. Bitalli's Melbourne Cup was richest race run in this country. It was worth £13,288. Carbine's was worth £13,230. Sweepstakes and other monies are not added to the stake these days otherwise those figures would be eclipsed.

Horses to win V.R.C. Derby and Melbourne Cup double, something often attempted, include, in recent years, Skipton, Hall Mark, Trivalve, and further back, Patrobas and Prince Foote.

Rivette, The Trump, and Poseidon are only horses to land the two Cups' double. Carbon won Melbourne Cup with 10 stone 5 lbs., Archer (2nd Cup), 10 stone 2 lbs., and Poitrel, 10 stone. Phar Lap (11 to 8 on) was hottest favourite to win the two miler. E. de Mestre, in the early years, trained five winners of the

Melbourne Cup. In recent years J. Fryer trained two (Wotan and Skipton) and late Frank McGrath three (Peter Pan (2) and Prince Foote).

Bob Lewis rode the winners of four cups. D. Munro has ridden three. If he wins on Proctor he will make his tally four, the others being Peter Pan, Sirius and Russia. In recent years Sirius and Rivette were winning favourites.

Melbourne Cup outsiders: The Pearl, Wotan, and Old Rowley (each 100 to 1). Fastest time 3 min. 21½ secs., Wotan and Russia. Biggest Cup field, 39 in Carbine's year, 1890.

The 3-yr.-olds and the 4-yr.-olds have each won 23 Cups and the 5-yr.-olds 21.

Caulfield Cup Facts

J. Holt has trained three winners (High Syce, Maple and Eurythmic). A. Breasley has won four, Tranquil Star, Skipton, Counsel and St. Fairy.

Manfred 5 to 4, and Eurythmic 6 to 4 were shortest priced winners. Amounis carried heaviest weight to victory, 9 stone 8 lbs. Manfred scored with 9 stone 6 lbs. and Purser with 9 stone 5 lbs. Outsiders: St. Warden, 100 to 1; Northwind, 66 to 1; Blink Bonney, 50 to 1.

Backers of the favourite haven't done much good. In fact, many of them didn't reach a place. Twelve months ago Columnist was the elect at 9 to 2. He won from Hiraji and

Fresh Boy. St. Fairy was favourite when he won in 1945, and Counsel equal first choice with Lawrence, whom he beat in 1944.

Rewarding Brains?

FRANK WHITTLE, Air Commodore in the R.A.F., and the man who invented the jet engine, sat alone on a small wooden chair in Somerset House, London, recently and heard a man plead for the right to reward him.

A six-man committee of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, headed by Lord Justice Cohen, heard Mr. E. L. Pickles, for the Ministry of Supply, say: "It would have been distasteful for him to have made a claim."

The Inspiration

Mr. Pickles went on: "In 1939 it was the view of the Air Ministry that without Whittle the work of Power-Jets would have come to a standstill.

It came out that £12,500,000 worth of British jets had already been sold.

The pale, embarrassed man on the wooden chair had this to say: "It seemed to me a cardinal principle of public service that no member of the public — particularly a serving officer—should benefit from his work commercially as a result of his full-time duty."

Varied Views on Early Racing of Two-Year-Olds

Adelaide turf news has hit the headlines in more States than South Australia during the past few years. A major discussion involved the early staging in Adelaide of races for two-year-olds. For a long time these have been run in August.

ADELAIDE Racing Club has featured the Fulham Park Plate and the Dequetteville Stakes each August. Some of the youngsters have competed before actually reaching their second birthday. For instance, this year, according to an Adelaide report, only three of the runners in both named events were two-year-olds (taking actual foaling date) at time of starting.

In Sydney and Melbourne two-year-olds do not race until the last Saturday in September or an early October date. The Breeders' Plate (colts) at Randwick is scheduled for Saturday, October 2, and the Gimcrack Stakes (fillies) for October 4.

Adelaide's early season programming of juvenile races has regularly been criticised both in and out of that capital city, as most turf folk

consider August too early for such racing. However, there seems to be groups of experts who see nothing wrong with the scheme. They couldn't quote champion horses, however, for on glancing over the list of top-ranking stakes winners it is found that Phar Lap (£66,738) didn't race until February and he had five starts only as a 2-year-old for one win, his last outing at that age. Amounis (£48,297) didn't race until July; Ajax (£40,275) until January and Limerick (£38,729) before February. Famous Gloaming (£43,100) wasn't raced as a 2-year-old and what a wonderful galloper he turned out to be, lasting many seasons. Five named are the highest stakewinners in Australia. Thus adherents of late racing of two-year-olds have much in their favour.

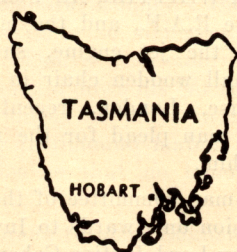
Getting back to Adelaide. There

was animated discussion a few weeks ago when committee of the Adelaide R.C. and representatives of the Blood Horse Breeders' Association (S.A. Division), conferred on this important subject. It was decided to suggest to the head body of Adelaide racing that the Fulham Park Plate and Dequetteville Stakes be staged in October instead of August.

S.A. Racehorse Owners' Association then held a meeting and decided that while agreeing to abide by arrangements made by the A.R.C. and S.A.J.C., members were of opinion that no alteration should be made to present time staging of 2-year-old events.

It was suggested that early racing of the youngsters be left at an owner's discretion. Some breeder's of thoroughbreds thought that the putting forward of 2-year-old race dates to October would mean loss of several thousands of pounds to owners in stakes and bets, and there the subject rests. Perhaps a further discussion will take place before next year's fixtures and programmes are drawn up.

(Continued bottom next page)



TATTERSALL'S 1948 Melbourne Cup Consultation

is now well on the way.

£50,000 FIRST PRIZE

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Swimming Club Ball

Brilliant Finish to Season

The Swimming Club's Annual Ball, held in the Club Rooms on Saturday, 4th September, was right up to the traditions of past years, and a splendid gathering voted it first rate fare. Excellent music, bright floor show and the popular Pool Interlude sent the evening along with a swing in the gloriously decorated Club Rooms.

THERE is usually so much doing at the Ball that the evening goes all too fast but on this occasion an extra ninety minutes sent the revelers home in fine heart.

One of the most pleasing features was the presence of a number of old members at the Ball for the first time. That they will be amongst those present in future goes without saying. Maybe some of them will be in the swimming events next time.

As usual the Presentation of Trophies was held during the Pool Interlude and one cannot imagine a better setting for the ceremony. The Club President, Mr. S. E. Chatterton, presented the trophies in his usual charming manner and the recipients appeared to enjoy the ordeal of parading along the Pool.

Chief winner was Sid Lorking who took the valuable "Native Son" trophy for the season's point score winner, presented by Mr. W. W. Kirwan, who was on deck to see the honours done. Winners of the second and third "Native Son" trophies, Stuart Murray and Clive Hoole,

proudly and modestly accepted their honours.

Monthly trophies were received by C. Chatterton, J. Shaffran, C. Hoole, N. P. Murphy, A. McCamley, S. Murray, P. Lindsay and A. K. Webber.

The swimming event designed to show our members in their best paces was a five men aside teams' scratch race and the handicapper was to be congratulated on the way he graded the teams as there was very little in the finish. The event was won by Peter Hill's team, his team mates being Arthur Webber, Bill Tebbutt, Ken Francis and Stuart Murray.

A close second was Vic Richard's team with Sid Lorking's third.

Maybe the third team would have been much closer only for the embarrassing predicament in which skipper Lorking found himself when his trunks slipped off him when he was going well. Needless to say that was the star turn of the show but Sid hasn't stopped blushing yet.

If it's any consolation to Sid it may be mentioned that he didn't set the fashion as at a pre-war Ball Dave Tarrant had the self same embarrassment but made a certainty of it in the following season when he ap-

peared arrayed with a huge rope tying his trunks on.

Prizes for the events went to the ladies who nominated the winners, Mrs. Don Wilson, Miss Tebbutt, Miss West, Miss McShine and Mrs. Francis.

A novelty event in which much breath was wasted in blowing up balloons after a lap dash was won by Peter Hill whose nominator, Mrs. Bill Longworth, took the prize.

A breathtaking floor show on the Ballroom after supper put everybody in great spirit to enjoy the rest of the evening and so ended another successful Swimming Club Ball.

The Swimming Club desires to express its thanks to the Club officials and staff without whose cheerful co-operation and service the Ball could not have been the success it was.

PLAIN WORDS

BOLD BUREAUCRAT: Of more than ordinary interest should be the news from England that the Financial Secretary to the Treasury announced in Parliament the Government's intention to abolish long and meaningless words. A text book on plain words will be issued. Twang the lyre:

*Here lies a bureaucratic gent
Who loved long words like implement,
Co-ordinate and inter-allied,
Perused and quasi-qualified.*

*One day he was constrained to write
"A neo-Marxist-parasite."
They crossed it out, inserted Red,
And broken-hearted he fell dead.*

*Instead of Rest in Peace, he went
Pacifically somnolent,
And now he lies unwept, unheeded.
Not gone before, but just "preceded"
To find the simple word he spurned
Beneath one stone he left unturned.*

Adelaide's Betting Control Board also created a stir when it directed that bookmakers be required to issue tickets to credit bettors, the same as cash punters. This instruction, it is stated, followed a dispute between a paddock fielder and a punter involving several hundred pounds.

Both fielders and punters consider the ruling will have an adverse effect on business, and create difficulties and delays. A credit bettor is likely to miss the best odds. However, no dispute ("nod" bets) is to be recognised unless a ticketbearing the word "credit" or "cr" is produced.

Nothing like this has been found necessary in the Eastern States and big punters will agree with others in Adelaide that "there seems little commonsense in the ruling." Time alone will tell how it works out.



VICKII JEWELLERS

146 King Street, Sydney. B 6294.

622 George Street, Sydney. MA 7754.

have just opened a new sports trophy department at both stores.

All Trophies guaranteed E.P.N.S. A 1 Quality. You will find that our prices compare more than favourably with any elsewhere in Sydney. Special reduction of 10% off Catalogue Prices to all Clubs on all orders up to 31st December, 1948. All shields, badges and emblems made to order. See our display, also large range of imported Cut Crystal and Silverware suitable for presentations—Canteen Cutlery, etc.

Call at VICKII JEWELLERS, The Sporting Trophy Cup Specialists.

As a sporting gesture VICKII will donate to all Clubs ordering Trophies a specially designed Cup Free of Charge. Listen to our Radio Session each Sunday, 2UE, 3.30-4 p.m.

QUEENSLAND TURF CLUB PRODUCES AN ILLUMINATING CALENDAR

Queensland Turf Club has launched out with a new idea for its monthly racing calendars. September issue was a bright compilation departing from all previous schemes and tabulations.

WELL performed Murray Stream, now at the stud in Queensland, appears in racing colours on the front page of the Calendar with Noel Best in the saddle. The page is fully coloured with main heading over a view of Ascot racecourse. Breeding lines of Murray Stream are printed at the foot of the page, while a complete story of the chestnut's career is featured in inner sections.

A history of the Q.T.C. disclosing how it came into existence is main feature story. It should interest Club members formerly living in the Northern State. The Calendar has set a new standard and is complete with racing data as well as a handy index to running horses. Queensland enthusiasts are sure to make the publication a regular purchase now that it has been decided to improve its set-up and include new features.

Getting back to Q.T.C.'s early history. Question of how and when the Club came into being has often been discussed. In recalling the early doings, writer of the story in the September Calendar had this to say: The genesis of the Q.T.C. may be said to date back to 1854, at a time when Qld. was an appendage of N.S.W., and the tract of country comprising 429,000,000 acres or 670,000 (approx.) sq. miles, was then governed from Sydney. Although the territory was so huge, the population was sparse and ready money was not so plentiful as in places of older growth, but this didn't deter thoughts

of the pioneers turning to the "Sport of Kings."

Accordingly, some enterprising citizens, headed by N. Bartley and J. Gibson, hit upon idea of establishing a racecourse at Brisbane, and approached N.S.W. Govt. for a land grant. Earliest evidence in records of the Queensland Turf Club consists of the following letter addressed to the gentlemen named:

Gentlemen,

With reference to your application requesting that a portion of land near Brisbane be appropriated as a site for a racecourse, I am directed to inform you that there will be no objection to such appropriation and that the Surveyor-General has been requested to have the land measured and description of same brought forward for final approval.

*I have the honour to be Gentlemen,
Your Most Obedient Servant,
(Sgd.) J. R. Wickham,
Govt. Resident.*

What Records Disclose

Question of the racecourse appears to have been kept in view by originators of the scheme, and records disclose that in August, 1863, fifty-three sportsmen held a meeting at Brisbane and founded the Queensland Turf Club. It was announced that a grant of 322 acres of land situated at Eagle farm, had been approved as a site, the Trustees then being Colonel O'Connell, the Hon. A. McDougall, and Mr. George Harris.

A grandstand capable of seating 350 persons was in due course erected and a saddling paddock created before the initial race meeting was held on August 14, 1865. To-day the

course stands in an area of 124 acres with three enclosures. The Course-proper is one mile, two furlongs, 15 yards long, with a straight of two furlongs, 33 yards. There are four training tracks (grass, sand, dirt and cinders). Permanent improvements to-day are shown at £177,000 as against £5,016 in 1891. Statutory name of the course is Brisbane Racecourse, but generally it is known as Eagle Farm. It is four miles from Brisbane G.P.O. and excellently served by transport. Dr. John Power is present Chairman.

Over the years prizemoney for important events has increased as follows: Brisbane Cup: £100 in 1874. To-day £5,200. Queensland Cup: £300 in 1879. To-day £2,100. Q.T.C. Guineas: £50 in 1896. To-day £1,500. Derby: £50 in 1868. To-day £2,500.

Doomben, close to Eagle Farm, now stages a £10,000 sprint and a £5,000 Cup, all of which adds up to the wonderful progress of racing in Queensland. Further stake increases are promised.

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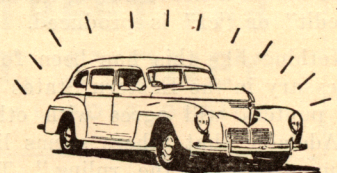
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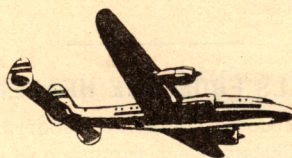
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Sydneyiders justifiably boast of their excellent harbour with deep sea berthing capacity. Spread over almost countless miles. Picture in illustration is of the Port of Lyttelton, New Zealand — an important disembarking point for travellers who desire to see the world and our sister dominion in particular. Note the mooring point for sailing craft, as shown on the left. Not comparable with countless bays around Sydney but picturesque and sufficient nevertheless.



Rae, Alias "Togo," Alias "The Croc"

"Togo" Johnstone, as we knew him, is addressed in England as "Rae." The following article was written by Clive Graham in London "Daily Express."

RAE JOHNSTONE'S spectacular succession of racing winners this year has prompted the question: "If he rode permanently in England would he oust Gordon Richards as champion jockey?" Johnstone emerges now as the leading jockey personality of the year—almost as if he were a newcomer.

Public memory is short. Fourteen years ago, the backers of his mount, Colombo, in the Epsom Derby, were so disgruntled that they declared he was only a third-rate rider. Colombo, a hot favourite, had been boxed in at Tattenham Corner and then swung wide, eventually finishing third in a thrilling three-horse finish. A few weeks later, as if to confirm the general criticism, Lord Glanely, his patron, announced that Johnstone's contract had terminated. So the

little, oval-faced Australian went quietly back to Paris, where he had twice topped the list of winning jockeys.

French crowds call him "The Crocodile" because of his way of riding—his habit of coming from behind in the last ten seconds to "snap up" a race that was seemingly lost. The style suits him. He is poker-faced, imperturbable, and has acquired a fine sense of pace and timing. Sometimes he goes off in front. He rode Imprudence like that to win last year's Oaks. But he was nearly last before winning the Epsom Derby on My Love, and the Irish Derby on Nathoo.

Johnstone was in France when the German Army broke through, and in 1945, while he was being transported to Germany, the prison train stopped at a station near the frontier. On the pretext of filling a water bucket he dismounted — and ran.

He hid in an attic for five weeks, his only relaxation being to ride again in memory every race that he had ever contested.

"I rode Colombo's Derby 50 times," he told me. "I concluded that no matter how I had ridden that horse he would not have won. He did not stay."

"Irresistible"

That bit of reasoning did more to boost his morale than any number of other riding victories. It helps to explain how the jockey who left England in 1934 with a feeling of humiliation is one of the star riders of to-day.

Would he be a formidable rival to Gordon Richards? Well, one of his employers, the Comte de Chambure, told me: "When in form he is irresistible. No jockey, not even Gordon Richards, can beat him."

"I couldn't stand the everlasting travelling which English jockeys have to put up with," he says. So the question remains an academic one; you

can argue about it without fear of being contradicted by events.

Johnstone is returning here on a short visit.

BELLS FROM THE HEAVENS

WAY down south, at Gobarralong, folk have been fancying all sorts of things, because of the ringing of a bell in the high heavens, on tree tops, and down by the waterholes.

Some poor souls thought the end of the world was coming. Church attendances increased, quietude and piety reigned throughout the countryside. Ultimately, someone discovered that the phenomenon had nothing of the mysterious about it at all. It was merely a bell tied round the neck of a giant eagle.

Apparently, someone had trapped this monarch of the air, "belled it," and turned it loose, with the result that there is now not a crow or another eagle left for miles around. They, too, had been scared stiff, to the great delight, no doubt of the sheep with wee lambs. No longer does lamb mortality vex and distress the farmer and grazier in that locality.

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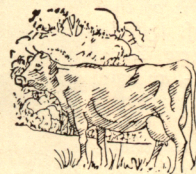
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GALLOPING GOLD MINE

Stymie Retires from the Turf

Retirement from the turf of Stymie, world's greatest prizemoney winner, was not voluntary. His owner, Hirsh Jacobs, was keen to win 1,000,000 dollars with the horse, but a broken sesamoid bone settled that wish. However, Stymie had accumulated upwards of 900,000 dollars when he broke down in recent Monmouth Park Handicap.

THUS a famous campaign closed.

His total winnings from 119 races (35 wins, 30 seconds, 25 thirds) equalled £A284,792, a colossal amount. While records are made to be later broken this remarkable amount of stakemoney looks like taking a lot of toppling, even with American stakes at their amazingly high level.

Stymie raced through six seasons (two years to seven inclusive). At

three years he had 29 starts but three wins only. Best money season was his sixth (299,775 dollars).

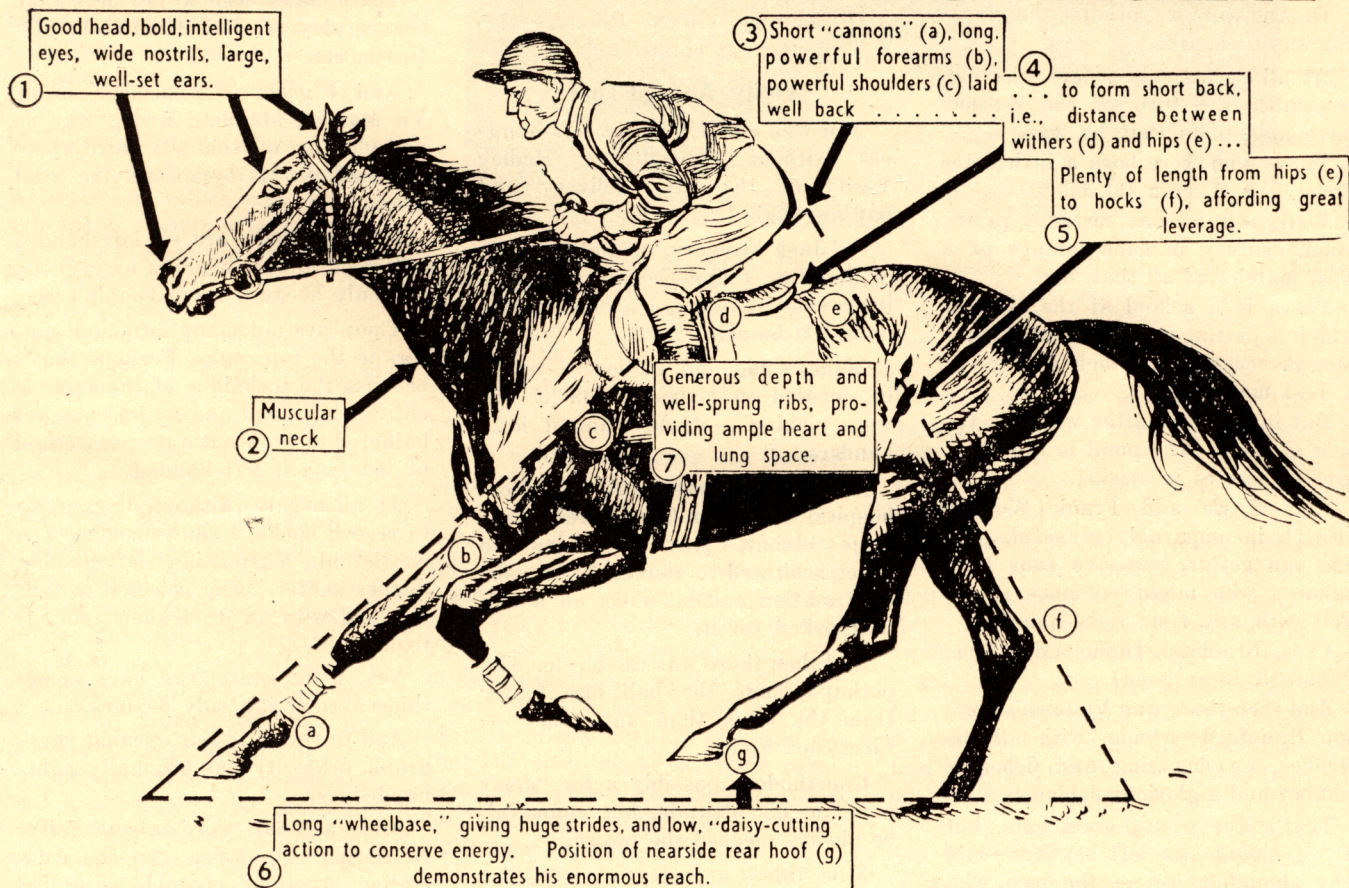
An interesting feature about Stymie's career. In 32 races he was ridden by Bobby Permane, a curly-headed blonde, who literally grew up with the champion. Bob first started riding in 1943, the year in which Stymie made his debut. On October 12 of that year Permane was the jockey aboard Stymie when the horse won a six furlongs event at Jamaica.

That was their first association. In the five years since then Bobby piloted the "galloping gold mine" nearly twice as often as any other jockey, and Stymie won 13 races with him aboard.

Permane was in the money 27 of the 33 races he rode Stymie in for 319,845 dollars.

Altogether 21 different jockeys rode Stymie including Johnny Longden (one win).

BLUE-PRINT OF A RACING-MACHINE



The two dotted lines running down through the body and legs show the elements of the racing-machine that is a thoroughbred—two huge levers which snap open and close to hurl the animal forward at bursts up to 40 m.p.h.

The Left-Handers' Corner

Next time anyone calls you a sinister person, don't be insulted. Whatever his intention, he will be complimenting you. Original meaning of sinister was left-handed, but those superstition-ridden people of the middle ages regarded anything out of the ordinary as something to be feared.

SINCE most people are right-handed the left-handed freak came to be regarded as something evil.

But we know he is not, in sport, at any rate.

Sport would have been a poor thing without its "molly-dukers."

Perhaps I'm a bit biased—I am inclined to use my left hand more than my right—but I'm not too diffident to claim that the record of left-handers in sport is a trifle more brilliant than that of more orthodox blokes.

That is, of course, after making allowance for the difference in numbers.

In cricket, the record of batsmen who stand on the wrong side of the wicket is pretty imposing.

Of Australians, perhaps, the greatest was Clem Hill.

At all events, old-timers who can remember the turn of the century have no doubts that he was.

Those who were born a little later plump for Warren Bardsley.

Well, well, he was certainly pretty good, century in each innings of a Test match and all that, but—

There is a school at the moment which is putting in a claim for Arthur Morris—century in each innings of a Test match.

But it doesn't matter which is the best of them. The point is that they are top figures in cricket.

And if we add Frank Woolley (Eng.), incomparably graceful, prolific run getter, we have four left-handers who might compare pretty well with any four right-handers.

(Yes, Bradman, Hammond, Grace, Ponsford were good).

And then there was Victoria's Vernon Ransford—a man with all the strokes, an engaging and debonair manner and a glorious fieldsman.

That's five pretty good bats, but if we include as left-handers—and why shouldn't we—the men who bowled left-handed, we find we're getting on to some pretty good material again.

Once upon a time there was a certain little man, a man with an aggressive thrust or the chin, a really flashing bat, who so delighted English and Australian crowds with his brilliant batting that most people forgot he was one of the best left-hand bowlers in the world.

Yes, Charlie Macartney, deadly bowler on a rain-affected pitch and prolific gatherer of wickets on matting, as South African batsmen found out by bitter experiences.

That strengthens the southpaws a bit, doesn't it?

But that's not all.

Do you remember, or have you heard of, a 49-year-old left-hand bowler who won a Test series for England.

Of course, Wilfred Rhodes—also a Test opening batsman.

Verity, And All That

And who could think of left-handers without remembering Hedley Verity of the easy delivery and baffling flight?

Or Jack Gregory, pouncing eagle of the slips, thunderbolt of the bowling crease, carefree, buccaneer batsman, left hand?

Maurice Leyland, of course, would be entitled to consideration if one were picking a world team of left-handers.

And Eddie Paynter, who came from hospital to win a Test, would have some claims, particularly as he never hesitated to abandon Lancashire tradition and hit a six off a ball that asked for it.

And then there was the bowler who perhaps made the ball bite faster from the pitch than any other—Fleetwood-Smith.

Unorthodox, possibly a bit "don't care" in his attitude, but colourful, he always pleased the crowd.

Now, that's a pretty imposing list of cricketers—and I've only jotted them down as they occurred to me.

There are plenty of others.

And there are other sports.

For instance what more outstanding champion has there ever been at any sport than Walter Lindrum.

And Walter is left-handed.

Perhaps you wouldn't realise it to watch him playing, but that cue that caresses the balls in the most delicate of canons, that sends them round the table with deadly accuracy, is more at home in Walter's left hand.

Babe Ruth, idol of America's baseball fans, home run King, the "Bambino" whose recent death sent a nation into mourning, was a left-hand batter.

And he started in baseball as a left-hand pitcher.

There have been a few left-hand tennis players, too, Bromwich, McGrath, etc.

And I seem to remember seeing Vic Patrick standing wrong way on and planting a lethal left glove where it would do his opponents the least good.

Perhaps there are no left-handed pole-vaulters, or scullers or cyclists, but only because there couldn't be.

There are not many left-hand golfers in the top ranks. Perhaps that's because the technique of the game is entirely artificial and no one has yet bothered to work out a proper method of teaching it left-handed.

At all events, without digging into record books, I can remember Len Nettlefold, Tasmanian left-hander, mighty smiter, being selected to tour England with an Australian amateur team.

Yes, more southpaws have something even if it's only dexterity.

And to revert to our opening paragraph, dexterity was originally right-handedness.

And, a final word about golfer Nettlefold. He twice won the Australian Amateur championship and held the St. Andrews (Scotland) record for ONE HOUR—until famous Bobby Jones beat his card tally.

Space Ship for Mars—Gate 7

Here's a yarn from Chicago "Daily News" that opens the window on wonders-to-be.

PUBLIC address systems in the airports of the world are not as yet blaring any such announcements as the above to waiting passengers. But some of us may live to see the day when trips to other planets will be more or less routine stuff to anybody who can get up the money and the nerve to take the ride.

It's been happening in people's imaginations for decades—ever since Jules Verne wrote his "From the Earth to the Moon" in 1865 and thereby inspired a whole school of scientific romance writing.

Now, a new society has started out to do what it can to make these dreams come true as fast as may be. The outfit is sponsored by the Institute of Navigation, and is called the Technical Development Committee of the Upper Atmosphere and Interplanetary Navigation — TDCU-AIN for short. Rear Admiral G. G. McIntock, president of the Navigation Institute, announced formation of the committee a few days ago.

There are two main problems connected with travel between the planets. One of these is the making of a projectile which can get up enough speed, shortly after it leaves the earth, to fly far out of the zone of the earth's gravity pull, so that the planet at which it is aimed can take over and begin attracting the projectile. This necessary speed is about 18,000 miles an hour. The other big problem is to hit the desired planet—Mars or Venus, say, instead of some other one.

First Stop May Be the Moon

We're already able to fire improved versions of the Germans' war-time V-2 rocket more than 100 miles off the earth. More powerful and longer lasting fuels are coming along. It may be that atomic boosters will eventually be devised, so that the space ships of the future, complete with observation windows, berths and cocktail lounges, will rise smoothly from giant hangars, and pick up the necessary speed to set them on their way to any planet on which human beings may be able to live.

The moon—satellite of the planet Earth—seems to be the most prob-

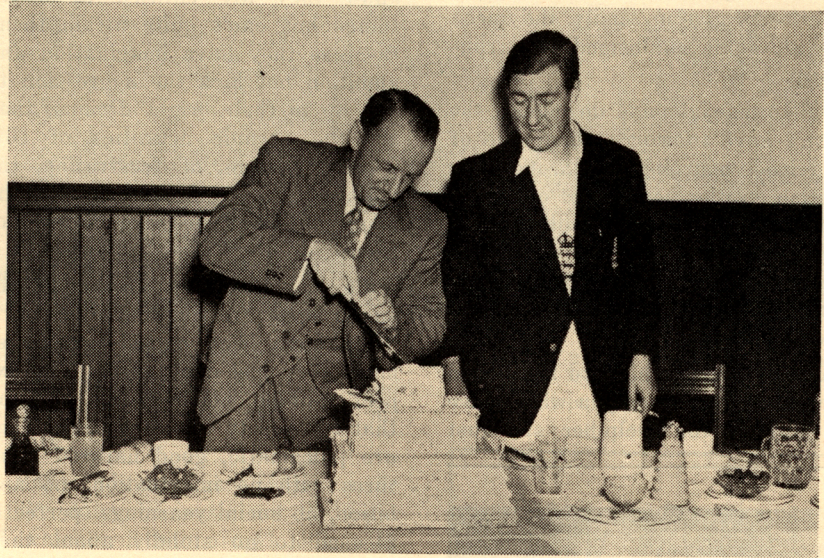
able first target for man's conquest of space. It's only about 250,000 miles from here. Though there is in all probability no atmosphere on the moon, various adaptations of the oxygen tank plus the diver's suit could be devised to enable pioneers to get out of a space ship landing there and do some exploring.

After all, comic strip cartoonists have been landing characters on

what angle to fire a space ship from the earth so that it will land on Neptune, Jupiter or some other planet days, weeks or months later.

Of course, what we may find out in space is another question. It's just conceivable that the inhabitants of Mars or Venus, if any, will turn out to be far more advanced in science and civilisation than our good selves. Or they may be savages, animated vegetables, rocks with brains and nerves, or anything else you want to imagine.

But that is a complication to be



There is a great deal about Don Bradman appearing in this issue but he is getting up near the last of his cricket publicity. Picture shows his birthday cake, presented to him at Lord's (Eng.). English Captain, Norman Yardley, sees to it the cut is according to the best traditions.

other planets for, lo, these many years.

The matter of hitting the desired planet doesn't look insurmountable, either. During the late war, scientists worked out a spectacular machine for detecting the robot flying bombs (V-1) which the Germans were firing into London. The device, known as the fire control computer, utilised radar to spot the V-1's and a sort of mechanical brain to direct the fire of an anti-aircraft gun so that the shell would meet the robot and kill it in the air. Sensationally high batting averages were racked up toward the end of the war.

Target Neptune

It seems probable that the principle of this machine can be used in calculating exactly when and at

handled when we get to it. The human race has managed to hold its own and then some, down the ages, against the now extinct giant reptiles and mastodons, the great cats, the most venomous of the snake tribe, and all other challengers. Our chances to compete with any specimens of life on other planets would seem to be at least 50-50.

Meanwhile, we'd like to wish Admiral McIntock and his TDCUAIN a great deal of luck. The organisation is in the old American tradition of enterprise and adventure and scientific openmindedness . . . and any of you guys who may feel inclined to laugh at it will kindly remember that the American Rocket Society not so long ago was pretty generally regarded as just a bunch of harmless nuts.

Spotlight on Strawberry

Don Eddy, writing in "The American" on cows, mentions Dr. W. E. Petersen, Professor of dairy husbandry at the University of Minnesota, who claims that each cow has her fixed place in the social scale.

PRESIDENT, dictator, and social arbiter of each herd is the queen cow. She may not be the largest or prettiest, and is seldom the most prolific milk producer, but she runs things her way. The queen wins her position in butting contests with all comers and keeps it as long as the herd is together. Although few cows are injured in these butt-fests, since losers give up easily, the queen is never again challenged by a runner-up.

Unlike many human dowagers, she doesn't have to worry about one of her friends usurping her throne. Her position entitles her to first choice of everything from feed to milking stall. She leads the way when the herd goes walking, and her subjects stand aside while she goes first through gates and doors.

A newcomer in the herd is entitled to challenge the queen, in which case her subjects won't help her; she must

win her own fight. Dethroned queens always mope and some are ruined for life.

Cow by cow, the social order extends down through the herd. The unhappiest cows are those above the middle of the social gamut. These, according to Dr. Petersen, are the hyper-excitables individuals that know they are entitled to better things but can't quite attain them. Because they have imagination and ambition but lack the aggression to live up to their bright dreams, they are the chronic neurotics of cow society, victims of frustration, the most difficult cows to handle and the most unpredictable in milk production.

Cows behind the middle of the social scale are the contented cows. They have been butted around so much they just don't care. They expect nothing much from life, and that's precisely what they get. They are phlegmatic, good natured creatures with no imagination, no ambition, no social yearnings, perfectly pleased to go stolidly about their business of turning green grass into milk.

Except for stewing about her social status, a cow's life is a fairly happy one. She has a carefree childhood and doesn't become aware of the facts of life until she is 18 to 24 months old. She weds a handsome stranger who promptly deserts her, and baby arrives 283 days later, exactly as with humans.

Baby is taken away to a calf nursery after its first 12 hours of life. Thereafter, for two or three days, mother and babe bawl forlornly at each other across the fences before deciding it's no use. The calf remembers its mother for months, but Mamma appears unable to recognise her offspring after a week or two, possibly because she is undergoing several exciting new experiences.

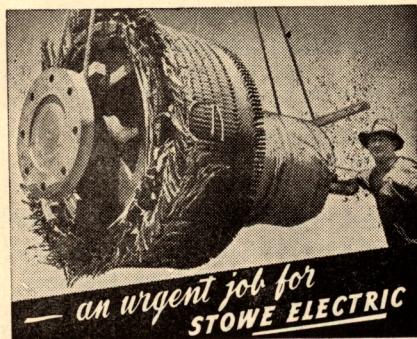
She goes into the milking string the day baby goes away. After five weeks she meets another handsome

stranger who sweeps her off her feet. She is milked for seven months after the arrival of her first little darling, then allowed to go dry for about two months before the arrival of her second child, then put back into milking. This goes on and on. It takes her first year's output to pay for her board and keep to date, and if she isn't milked she doesn't die; she just quits making milk. Her productive life usually ends after her fifth year, although many family cows are old and grey.

I was unable to find dependable statistics on the longevity of cows, since almost no cows die of old age. They become beef when their milking days are over. It is generally believed they would normally live 20 to 25 years, although a 12-year-old cow is considered venerable.

A common misstatement is that cows give milk. They don't; it has to be taken from them. The cow that can fill a milk pail or even a thimble all by itself is not yet even in the blueprint stage. Another

(Continued bottom next page.)



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A perfect picture of wheat harvesting in N.S.W. Scene is at Cowra, in the South-west portion of the State.

common misbelief, even among farmers, is that a cow can voluntarily hold up her milk. Experts say she can't, although she can fail to let all of it down. Whether she does or doesn't depends largely upon her emotional reaction to her milker. Cows love humans who understand them. They respond to affection in a practical manner — by surrendering all their milk. On the other hand, cows hate humans who mistreat them. A milker who wallops Bossy with the milking stool is a marked man forever in her eyes and she never gives him her all.

Elephants are supposed to have long memories, but the memory of a cow may be even longer and keener. Cows remember people, places, and things all their lives. They seem never to forget surgery. Veterinarians told me any cow will submit indifferently to being led into a bovine operating-room the first time. Odours remaining from previous operations upon other cows evidently mean nothing to her. But, once she undergoes surgery herself, she will fight like a tigress against entering the same room again. Even the sight of a human in a white laboratory frock

can send her into a tizzy. Apparently she forgets the good results and remembers only the pain and indignity.

Many advances are being made in the dairy business, not the least of which will be natural milk with tasty flavours. Already it has been determined that vanilla-flavoured milk can be produced inside the cow by atomising the feed with vanilla scent, and experiments are being made to see what happens when cows are fed chocolate.

Whether these researches will eventuate in chocolate milk shakes on the hoof remains to be seen. Personally, I am convinced that when you're dealing with cows, anything can happen. — Condensed by "Digest of World Reading."

◆
 "HONESTY is the best policy": but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man."
 —Whateley.

* * *
 CIVILISED men live by self-respect as much as by bread and meat.—E. T. Brown in "Excursions and Enquiries."

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Forward the Pawpaw Brigade

"New York Times" writes on why the modern male considers himself a misfit unless he joins the Pawpaw Brigade—those who paw women—and lives up to its strange rules and regulations.

BAD MANNERS have existed in all ages. But what is happening to-day leads one to the melancholy belief that there is something special in the present-day disregard of the forms of courtesy—something which goes deep and may last long.

For example, the Pawpaw Brigade is at an all-time high of activity. The Pawpaw Brigade is composed of males who yield to an uncontrollable itch to drop all formality toward women.

These men place hands familiarly on female shoulders though they have been introduced only two minutes before—or never. They slide an arm around a young woman's waist during a first conversation with an urgency leading one to wonder whether the slider's tongue refuses

to function unless his arm is thus occupied.

This serene usurpation of prerogatives formerly reserved for intimacy is often deeply resented by ladies who suffer from it; also, almost invariably, by their escorts. But both ladies and escorts are frequently inhibited from making a protest by the desire not to appear prudish; by the feeling that, after a great war, a certain relaxation in manners is natural. Nevertheless, the resentment is there — and sometimes it takes forms not at all pleasant to members of the Pawpaw Brigade.

Then there is the startling transformation of words reserved, not so long ago, largely for tender moments—for moonlight strolls and such like—into the worn copper pennies of casual conversation.

"Darling" is a debased coin—perfectly appropriate for use in answering a strange young woman who asks you how she can get to the Grand Central. "Sweetheart" is perfectly applicable to a salesgirl in a store, though she never came into your life until she sold you a collar

button and at once she went out of it after she had made the sale.

How can such words continue to have special significance in the language of love? What "kick" can an innamorata get out of being lovingly addressed by a swain in the same terms used by him a moment before in talking to a telephone operator, at the far end of a long wire, whom he could not even see?

If this upsetting of old conventions goes on at its present pace, we shall probably have soon a sort of reverse English for lovers, with youths calling ladyloves "miss" or "madam," and ladyloves responding in hushed tones to importunate admirers under the soft light of the full moon: "Dear Mr. Whiffelman. Referring to your request of even date, you may kiss me."

And what has become of formal "How do you do," and semi-formal "How are you?" Have they been buried permanently under informal, ubiquitous "Hallo!" or "Hi?" It would seem so.

(Continued bottom next page)



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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Part-Owner's Tip May Prove Right

"Lungi will be our best horse." Twelve months ago Mr. Frank P. Cruttenden, part owner with Mr. E. A. Underwood of Lungi, popular Melbourne Cup prospect, told writer the colt would be one of the best the partnership raced. Lungi is well on the way to attain that objective.

LUNGI started the present season auspiciously with victories at weight for age which had immediate bearing on his Melbourne Cup chance. The colt was then proceeding along favourable lines and looked a real Cup hope.

Chapani, dam of Lungi, is a 12 years old matron but hasn't had many foals. Mr. Cruttenden thinks a lot of the mare who was bred in New Zealand in 1936 and is by Iliad (imp.) from Gobble by Tea Tray (imp.) from Fulsome by Absurd (imp.) from Eulogy (imp.) by Cicero. Eulogy is a name which will come readily to Club members who know their thoroughbred breeding. Lungi was Chapani's fourth foal.

Chapani's grand-dam, Fulsome,

Perhaps there is no real cause for alarm in all this. Perhaps it is more casualness than deterioration. But the optimism of a "New York Times" editor in this regard was shaken when he overheard, in a restaurant, an up-to-date young man and an equally up-to-date young women.

Obviously, the young man had just proposed marriage. But the aftermath of his sweet climax would have made Grandfather's hair stand on end. With one hand on her shoulder, the other clasping her waist — he must have been at least a colonel in the Pawpaw Brigade—he cooed:

"When we are together on the street you will walk on the outside of the sidewalk. When your mother and father visit mine I shall not stand up when they enter the room where I am sitting—nor, I hope, will any of my folks. That old-fashioned stuff is nonsense. It is all wrong nowadays. Don't you think so?"

"Of course."

"Good. We shall be very happy."

was a sister to Humbug and Epitaph, while she was a half-sister to Skyrena (winner of 18 races in New Zealand). Lungi belongs to the same family as Honour (A.J.C. Sires Produce Stakes, New Zealand Derby, etc.), and Commendation (New Zealand Derby, St. Leger, etc.), and a fairly good stayer in handicap events.

The partners who race several horses, bred Lungi, who was allotted 8.13 in the Caulfield Cup and a pound less in the Melbourne Cup.

Trained by R. Sinclair, Lungi is no stranger to Randwick and his Sydney Cup third indicates staying ability. A much better horse now he should do well in the Melbourne Cup, winning of which is the ambition of all racing owners.

The 4-year-old won the V.R.C. St. Leger from Fresh Boy and Anthelion in the smart time of 2.58½ and on that looked certain to play an important part in A.J.C. St. Leger. However, to surprise of most folk he missed a place in that classic.

Taken early as second-leg in Cup's doubles he will present bookmakers with a problem should one of the well fancied horses land the Caulfield Cup. When this was written Lungi was still in the mile and a half race.

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BETTER
SMARTER**

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WOOL TIE**

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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Made from a Vears Wool Fabric

ROUNDABOUT of SPORT

NORMAN YARDLEY won the toss for England against Bradman with an Australian five-shilling piece.

He has two crowns—one English. He thought the Australian one might bring him a bit of Australian luck.

Yardley first used his Australian coin last year against South Africa when he won the toss three times out of five.

The home captain always tosses and the visiting captain calls. Yardley called correctly when he led England against Australia at Sydney in 1947, when Walter Hammond was laid up with fibrositis.

Hammond tells that in 1936 when he captained England against Australia he used an ordinary half-crown for tossing. Some captains believe in lucky coins. A. F. T. White, the Worcester captain, for instance, had a Dutch coin when he tossed Bradman for choice of innings at Worcester this year.



A FEW DROPS of Velmol rubbed through the hair in the morning and you can forget it for the rest of the day—you'll be as smart and well groomed at five as you were at nine. Velmol gives your hair that natural, healthy lustre so unlike the "concrete-board" effect of greasy, gummy brilliantines and fixatives. Buy a bottle of Velmol from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price, 2/3.

VELMOL

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QUOTING a writer in the London press: My recent forecast that St. Andrews would not alter the stymie rule is half-way towards fulfilment. Draft of the new revised code of the rules of golf to be presented for approval at the autumn business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club leaves the stymie untouched.

A memorandum explains that governing bodies at home and overseas (outside the U.S.) were asked if they wished to retain the stymie, adopt the American rule or recognise a stymie only when self-laid. Replies favour slightly the present rule. The committee "having received nothing even approaching a definite mandate for change, propose to leave well alone," says the memorandum.

* * *

I THINK St. Andrews would have received a mandate for abolition had they consulted the great mass of week-end golfers, most of whom will continue to ignore the stymie and enjoy their golf.

But instead of a popular referendum, a decision of great interest to millions of players all over the world will be left to the vote of private members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club who turn up for the September meeting.

Note: The word Stymie does not appear in the rules of Golf.

* * *

A LITTLE pipe-smoking Frenchman in dark brown suit, big pearl tie-pin, bright brown shoes, says the English rely too much on speed, race two-year-olds too much. He ought to know; he's 62-year-old Leon Volterra, who saw his horses placed first and second in the Derby. Volterra used to be known as the "C. B. Cochran of Paris." He owned theatres, night clubs, restaurants. Now he has only one theatre. Horses, he says, are more profitable.

Speaking halting English and interpreted by his charming young wife, Volterra said: "I have in training 12 two-year-old colts, 10 two-year-old fillies, and 35 yearlings. Next year I will win the Derby again and be second, third and fourth."

DON BRADMAN kept a diplomatic silence on what became known as the Barnes incident. It was complained by critics that Barnes had been fielding so close to the bat that he had had one foot on the pitch and had been disconcerting the batsmen.

Barnes denied that his foot was at any time on the wicket. He has had the admiration of many cricketers for his fielding in what is known as a "suicide" position, only a few yards from the batsman on the leg side.

He takes the view that although there is a certain amount of danger of being hit by the ball, the nearer he is to the bat the less likelihood is there of injury above the waist.

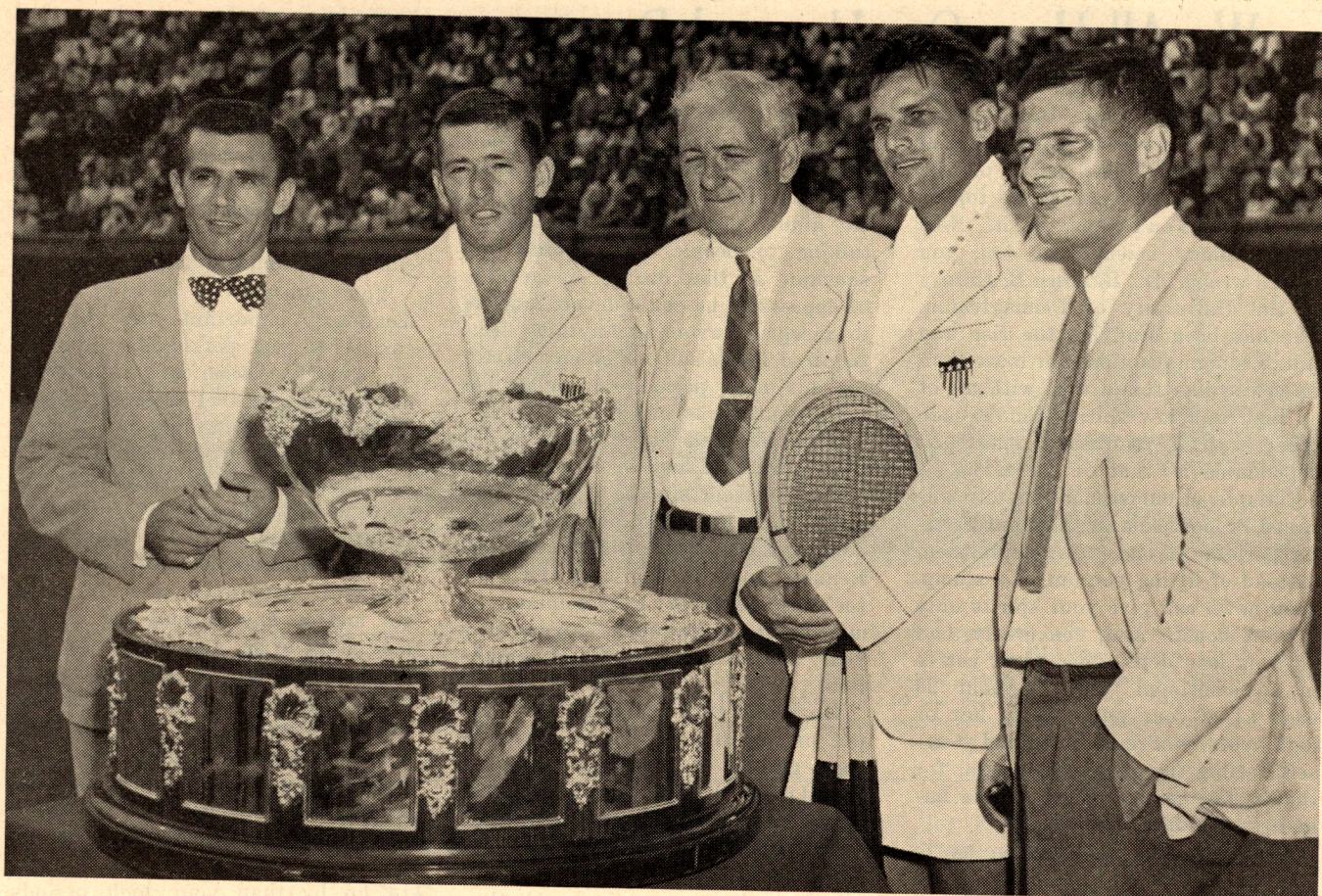
Many years ago in a Test at Sydney, Herbert Sutcliffe objected to Vic Richardson who was fielding near the bat. But Richardson had a habit of cupping his hands as for a catch and moving them up and down as the bowler delivered the ball. This put Sutcliffe off.

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47 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.



These chaps, representing U.S.A., beat us pointless in the recent Davis Cup tennis contest. (L. to R.): Frank Parker, Billy Talbert, Aldrich Man (non-playing Captain), Gardner Mulloy and Ted Schroeder. We dips our Lid.

UNDER Present rules, the batsman is out only if the ball strikes his pads directly in front of the wicket, say at Point A. Bradman wants to extend the rule so that he will be out if the obstruction occurs at B.

Don Bradman has started a controversy among cricketers by his advocacy of changes in the lbw rule; but let us get right what he said at the dinner-party at Lord's. Bradman tells me (comments an English writer) that what he suggests is a trial change in the rule applying to the off-side of the wicket. At present, he points out, a batsman can only be given out if his intercepting pad is in a straight line between wicket and wicket.

Bradman believes this rule should be strengthened experimentally so that a batsman should be out if, in the view of the umpire, the off-break would have hit the wicket, irrespective of the point of obstruction.

"I think that eventually the leg side must come also," says Brad-

man; "but let us get the offside rule fixed first."

* * *

G. O. ALLEN, Captain of our side in the West Indies, who heard Bradman speak, does not want any immediate change in the lbw rule. He would prefer he tells me, a stronger seam to the ball to help the bowler, and possibly some slight alteration of size. "There is no seam on them at all nowadays," says Allen.

* * *

MY LOVE is by Vatellor, sire of last year's Derby winner, Pearl Diver. This male line has provided three of the last four Epsom Derby winners, the other being Bois Rousset, now at stud here. It is direct father-to-son descent from unbeaten St. Simon, greatest British stallion of all time. His male line had practically died out in this country before the war, but continued to flourish in France. England is getting it and other stout strains back again.

WALTER HAMMOND, summing up the Test, tells me we must not be pessimistic about the rest of the series, but our players must adopt a different attitude. He thinks Compton's feat was a splendid lesson in concentration for them. He subdued his natural free style to play a defensive game and we need more of this dogged spirit, Hammond says. Once we get our players to adopt the attitude that Test cricket is a grim affair in which risks cannot be taken we shall have a greater chance of winning.

* * *

IT was pouring. Two men who had quarreled went out in the rain to settle their differences. They fought until one got the other on his back and held him there.

"Will you give up?" he asked, and the reply was: "No." After a time the question was repeated, but again the reply was: "No." "Then," said the other, "will you get on top for a while and let me get under? I'm getting soaked."

We All Have Our Ups and Downs

"UPS AND DOWNS" are commonplace. You take it for granted that a run of bad luck will get you "down." God news, on the other hand, raises you to the top of the world. You're sure of it. Now along comes science to tell you you're wrong. Dr. Rexford B. Hersey of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been studying the rise and fall of human emotions for more than 17 years, has found that with all of us high and low spirits follow each other with a regularity almost as dependable as that of the tide.

Outside circumstances merely advance or postpone slightly our regular periods of elation or depression. Instead of lifting you out of a slump, good news will give your spirits only a brief boost. And, conversely, bad news is less depressing when you're in an emotional "high." About 33 days after your particularly low or high spots, you're likely to find yourself feeling the same way again, for that is the normal length of the human "emotional cycle."

Wanting more information as to why our spirits go up and down and how we can use the constant ebb and flow of well-being more effi-

ciently, Hersey made a detailed investigation of his own ups and downs. In his low periods, he soon learned, he became more critical than at other times, and more irritable. He didn't want to be bothered by talking to people. He planned his schedule so that during his periods of depression he could devote himself to research, avoiding anything that required much self-confidence. During his high periods he scheduled his consultations and lectures.

Then he made a long-drawn-out investigation of his own internal processes to ascertain the physiological basis for his emotional changes. Joining forces with Dr. Michael J. Bennett, endocrinologist of the Doctor's Hospital in Philadelphia, he underwent every week, for over a year, a searching physical examination.

He found that the work and output of his thyroid glands, his pituitary glands, his liver and other internal production plants varied markedly from week to week. The number of his red blood corpuscles, his blood cholesterol, each had—as with all of us—its own particular rhythm.

The thyroid output, which to a greater extent than any other single factor determines the total "emotional cycle" rhythm, usually makes a round trip from low to high and back in from four to five weeks. Together, Hersey and Bennett decided, all the different factors work out to a "normal" cycle length of between 33 and 36 days.

Basically this emotional cycle consists of an over-all upbuilding and giving-out of energy. But the production and use of energy do not parallel each other quite evenly. First, we gradually build up more energy than we use. That makes us feel better and better, and we become more and more active and high-spirited. So we begin to use more energy than our system is producing. This keeps on until exhaustion of our surplus energy induces a reaction.

We slump, often quite sharply, into feeling tired, depressed, discouraged.

We feel on top of the world for some time after our store of energy created for best conditions has begun

to diminish. And conversely we feel low for some time after the rebuilding process has started up again. When everything seems hopeless we have already turned the corner.

Bringing more and more people under observation, Drs. Hersey and Bennett concluded that variations from the 33-day cycle are largely caused by unusual thyroid activity.

You can see at once how tremendously important these findings can be to you personally. First of all, you can lessen any discouragement you may feel from temporary set-backs, any worry or anxiety about the future you experience when you are blue, by the realisation that your depression may be a perfectly natural phase of living, soon to be followed by days or weeks of greater strength, assurance and optimism. No matter how dismal the outlook may seem to be, you simply won't be able to avoid feeling better presently.

Next, you can keep track of your emotional cycles, so you will know when to expect a high or a low period. Simply mark on a calendar the days when you feel unusually discouraged or depressed. Your low days give you more accurate dates to go by than your high periods, because the "happiness" portions of your curve are usually more long-drawn-out; low periods seldom run more than a few days or a week and usually occur with regularity.

After you have found when to expect your high and low emotional tides, you can take advantage of both by planning your work intelligently. In high periods you are likely to be stimulated by difficult tasks. In low periods you are likely to be defeated by them.

With a little experimenting you may find yourself able to plan the tough, constructive jobs, which require energy and confidence, for your high periods. At the bottom of your cycle, your powers of observation, co-ordination and memory seem less acute; you are more likely to make mistakes or have accidents. Hence that is the period to reserve for easy but tiresome routine.

"Be sure," Dr. Hersey advises, "not to let unimportant troubles be magnified just because you are 'down'."

—Condensed from "Redbook" by Myron Stearns.



When Hair Grows Thin

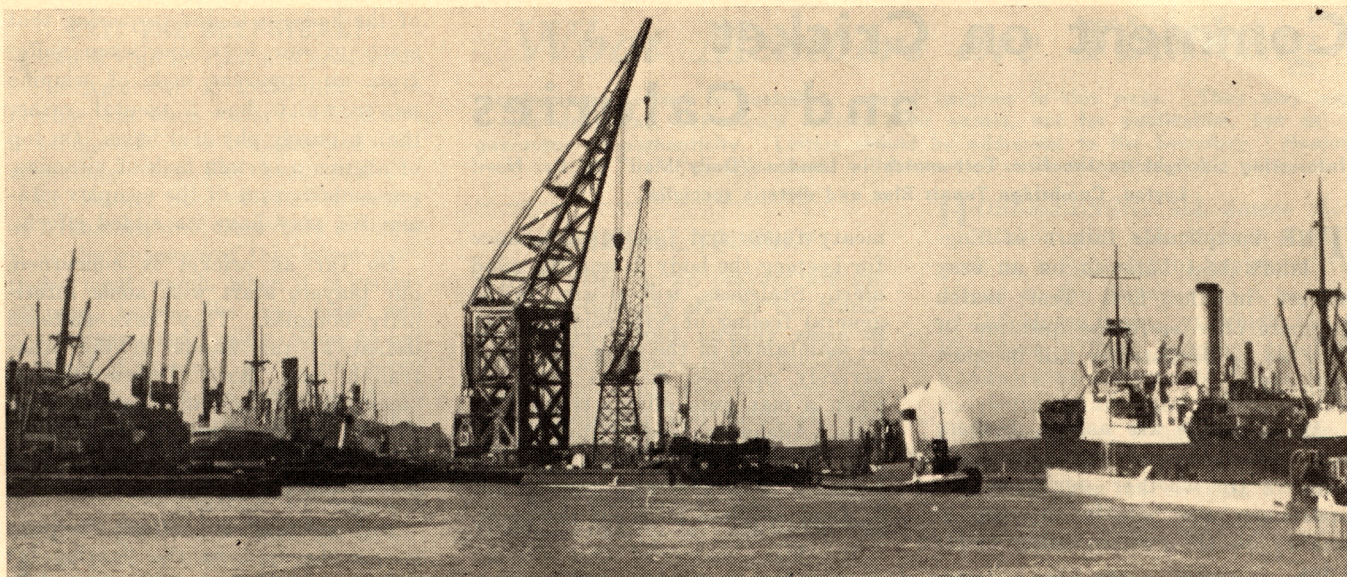
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—By courtesy of Port of London Authority.

Larwood Doesn't Care Any More

While Bradman was exercising all his great captaincy, Miller was hurling his bumpers, and the Nottingham crowd were exercising their considerable vocal cords, we ourselves were passing under a modest portal.

IT WAS A little shop in an area of Blackpool we once knew as an incipient motor transport driver of the Royal Air Force and we have no particular reason to remember the area with satisfaction. Nevertheless, we passed under the portal which bore no name but only the slogan: "Licensed to sell tobacco and patent medicines" and to the medium-sized gentleman behind the counter queried: "Mr. Larwood?" to which he answered: "That's right."

It occurred to us at the time that Mr. Larwood would be much better occupied at Trent Bridge flaying them on the leg side than purveying tobaccos and patent medicines, but when we expressed this view to the gentleman in question he merely smiled gently and said: "I don't know about that."

Harold Larwood is not only the forgotten man of English cricket—he is also the man who has forgotten. The ex-miner who was at the pit-face one Monday, had a trial for Notts on the Tuesday and had given up the colliery for ever and was a Notts bowler on Wednesday; was concerned in the greatest Anglo-Australian cricket controversy of all time; beat the Australians with his devastating speed and then was sacrificed on the altar of amity—this Harold Larwood just doesn't care any more.

He hasn't seen Lindwall, although they've all asked him to go over to express an opinion, and doesn't care if he never sees another game. He has seen two county games since he and his revered skipper, Douglas Jardine, faded suddenly from the scene. One of them was solely on account of the fact that one of the umpires was Frank Chester. . . . "I had to go and see Frank again," he says, "but mostly I'd rather watch Blackpool play Soccer. Now, Stan-

ley Matthews . . . there's a player for you."

He takes you through to the little parlour. There are silver-medallioned cricket balls mounted on little stands. He doesn't draw your attention to them and really would rather you didn't look at the inscription in honour of his seven for 51 v. Victoria at Melbourne, 1.11.28 — that kind of thing that the Nottingham crowd were crying out for this weekend.

There's the watch from the Aussie's own Fergy and the ashtray inscribed to "Harold. For The Ashes. From a grateful Skipper." There's the illuminated address from the Kirkby-in-Ashfield council in honour of his '28-'29 Test series when he started off with six for 32 and two for 30 and scored 70 and 37.

The nearest he will get to an emotional expression of cricket opinion is: "I only hope Jim Laker will have a bit of luck like that in his first Test." He never knew how fast he was, but don't tell Woodful and Ponsford.

—John Macadam in London "Daily Express."

Comment on Cricket and Calories

Interesting sidelight on the first Test match in London "Daily Mail" by Dr. Nevil Leyton, Cambridge Tennis Blue and dietetic specialist.

THE inexplicable failure of England's best batsmen on an easy wicket in the first Test match prompts once more the question of why we so persistently fail in sport these days.

Many people are asking if there is a rational excuse for these failures. Or whether our post-war sportsmen are simply inferior in quality to those from other countries.

Our defeats in sport can be put down to two different causes. First, food. Second, psychological factors. And the two are very closely connected.

There is not the slightest doubt that food **does** play a part in our sporting defeats. Whatever anyone may state, there is no substitute for

meaty foods and fats in abundance for keeping the body fit and the mind alert. Staleness, will-to-win, and a general feeling of well-being cannot be maintained in the same way on a severely rationed diet as they can when a man gets all his trainer allows. Adequate feeding for sportsmen differs like national characteristics. But, basically, the amount of food required is about the same.

It is just a matter of taste whether protein comes from eggs, or milk, or beef steak, or all three in turn. It is significant, though, that American experiments have shown that staleness can be avoided far more easily by a varied diet instead of a monotonous menu.

Since the brain is so largely made up of fatty material and since the will-to-win springs from this part

of the body, it is not surprising that many of our best sportsmen suffer from an apparent lack of winning power which has a mental rather than a purely physical basis. On top of all this a certain lack of vitamins, particularly that of the complex vitamin B2, may have its added effect.

So far as cricket is concerned, our players start with some inferiority complex. They have suffered defeat at the hands of the Australian and West Indies elevens since the war and this does nothing to help them overcome an inferiority already latent through lack of meats and fats.

But we need not utterly despair, as can be seen by the fighting innings which followed the first debacle, or by the evidence of our tennis players, who are overcoming both technical and dietetic difficulties.

That Britons still have playing ability cannot be doubted, but without proper feeding they suffer from the handicap of having to concentrate far more intensely than their well-fed competitors.

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A NEW kind of food has been made in America. It looks like white powder, but when water is added and it is cooked it is transformed into something very like beefsteak.

Dr. Barnet Sure of the University of Arkansas, who discovered Vitamin E, is the inventor of this latest synthetic meat which, when it is reconstituted, tastes like real meat and has the same food value. Some 65 per cent. of it is made up of powdered skim milk, while the rest consists of soya bean meal from which the fat has been extracted, brewers' yeast, and cracked wholemeal flour.

—“Children's Newspaper.”

* * *

TEN tons of safflower seed will be sown in South Australia, in an effort to make the State independent of linseed oil for use in paint manufacture. Yields from this plant have been found to be as good as linseed oil, and experiments by paint makers have led them to believe that in many respects safflower oil is a better oil for some processes. Experiments are now being expanded to large scale cultivation in wheat areas.

—“British Australasian.”

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What Members are Thinking

Members are invited to contribute candid opinions to this page. They may use a nom de plume, but should enclose their names, not for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. Letters should be addressed to the Secretary. Names of correspondents will be treated as confidential.

HANDBALL TOURNEY

SOME little-known players are going particularly well in the Handball Tourney and already some of the old hands have bitten the dust.

Already twenty-two matches have been completed and most of them have been tough fights, the only hollow victory so far having been that of ex-champion swimmer, Bruce Hodgson, over C. H. Charleston, 31-11.

Another star waterman, Carl Phillips, has shown his worth in his first tournament as he has already won his first and second round games.

Ken Williams is another two-game winner and one of the long-book markers, Bruce Partridge, is a dual winner.

Results:—

First Round:—C. H. Woodfield (scr.) beat J. Coen (owes 12), 31-25; G. Goldie (9) beat G. Pratten (9), 31-21; K. Williams (7) beat P. Hill (9), 31-25; Dr. R. Opie forfeited to S. Murray; J. Nevill (9) beat D. J. Jenner (9), 31-20; C. Chatterton (15) beat S. Mather (15), 31-23; B. Hodgson (2) beat C. H. Charleston (3), 31-11.

Second Round:—B. Partridge (owes 12) beat W. Hannan (owes 6), 31-26; C. H. Woodfield (scr.) beat G. L. Boulton (5), 31-28; K. Williams (7) beat J. Shaffran (10), 31-29; C. Phillips (10) beat S. Murray (9), 31-23; L. Silk (15) beat C. Chatterton (15), 31-25; H. E. Davis (12) beat N. P. Murphy (6), 31-28.

IN London, Mmte. Tussaud's wax-works has voted out a few old favourites. Set to be scrapped; Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia, the late Actor George Arliss, the late “strong man” John Metaxas of Greece and Lord Beaverbrook. From their waxy ruins will rise the figure of Comic Danny Kaye, latest toast of London. Also to be unveiled shortly: a carrot-haired effigy of Greer Garson, first actress to be waxed since Katharine Hepburn in 1935. —“Time.”

HORSE-SENSE: Ald. James McMahon was absent from Randwick on a Saturday in September to attend on the Showground a parade of the Horse Assn., of which he is President. This parade excelled Randwick as a spectacle, taking into the picture quality and utility, but the attendance was a handful as compared with Randwick's 48,000.

Horses, just as horses, are not in the race.

* * *

OLD CODGER: Watching the stream of young manhood flowing into the Sports Ground for the League final, there to stagnate for the afternoon, I thought: “How much better it would be for those fellows, and for the country, if they were playing games. Some, at least, would develop a greater sense of discipline and find more relish in work.”

* * *

ONLOOKER: There is usually a rush for the noon edition of newspapers available in the Clubroom. There would be sufficient copies to go round, if members saw they went round—by placing them back on one or other of the long tables near the door instead of (as is often the case) leaving them on chairs or on the floor.

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Racing Fixtures

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 9
City Tattersall's Club	SAT. 16
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 23
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 30

NOVEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 6
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 20
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 27

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 4
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 11
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 18
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 27

WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

THE Cayman Islands, lying between Jamaica and the Central American mainland, a contemporary points out, have no income-tax, cigarettes cost 7½d. for twenty, and the climate is excellent.

Obviously the place is still uncivilised.

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New Snooker Rule Try-Out

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Undeclared World Snooker Champion

JOHN BARRIE and Sydney Lee will play a week's snooker at the Leicester Square Hall, London, under the experimental safety zone rule. My idea has been agreed, as a start.

A line will be drawn across the table one inch below the lowest part of the "D." Below that line is the safety zone.

No more than four consecutive non-scoring strokes (two by each player) with the cue-ball coming to rest in the safety zone are permissible. A fifth would be a foul (four points penalty) and the next striker would have the option of playing from hand.

The new rule ceases to function when the last red is potted.

In reply to many criticisms which have been made of these experiments I would say that we do not wish to destroy safety play, but to anticipate over-exploitation, which we fear might develop.

A parallel case was the exploitation of the safety miss in billiards some years ago.

In those days there was no limit, and in consequence some professionals would indulge in long sequences of safety misses rather than risk letting the other man in.

There are signs that professional snooker might suffer a safety blight, just as billiards did.

John Pullman, whom I played recently, has made as much progress as Barrie, and I foresee some terrific battles between these two as they climb to the top class in the next two or three years.

Points for Success

An interesting suggestion comes from G. Stapley (Woodford Green) who thinks it might be a partial solution to the problem of restricting safety play if, on getting out of a snooker, the player should score points to the value of the ball on.

And why not? Some of the cleverest shots are made in getting out of snookers, but under present rules these go quite unrewarded, except for the applause they evoke.

McElwaine on Basketball

OFF to Italy this week in the wake of the England football team stream our basketball players, to do battle with the Italians at Turin on the eve of the Soccer struggle.

The Basketball Association of England and Wales has hardly any money in the kitty. Our Olympic hopes are paying their own training expenses. In fact, if the Italians had not helped, the players themselves would have had to fork out for the international experience they will get this week-end.

So, it seems, fare all new games which do not depend on noise, smell, sweated actresses, blood, phoney fights and mock mayhem.

Lately, basketball has been making good progress in London, the Midlands, Wales, North Shields and

Liverpool. The team for Italy is a composite side of London and Birmingham stars.

Things have happened to raise the standard of basketball here. The Latvian Society have a first class team, and, on top of that, there are Mormon missionaries among us who mix game and Gospel with great gusto.

Indeed, the latter, all 22-23, haven't been beaten to date. Against such competition our own players are improving steadily.

I heard that the United States have a player named Bob Kurlander, who is 7 ft. tall. As the object of the game is to toss a Soccer-sized ball through a hoop only 10 ft. off the floor, it seems to me that Bob could stretch a point any time.

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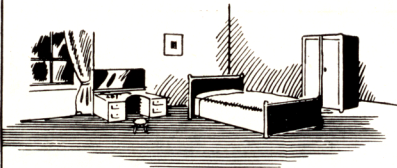





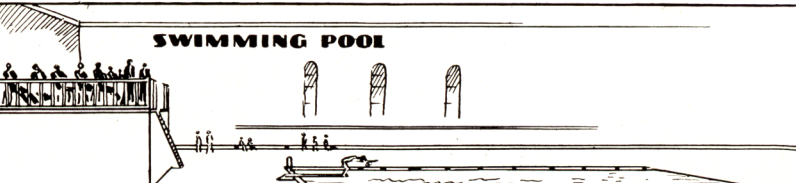
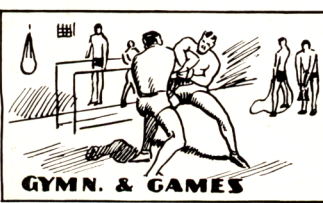




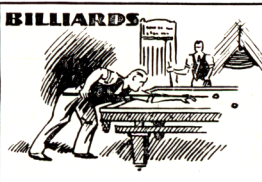



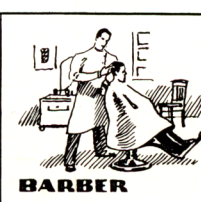


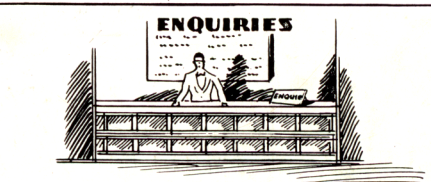
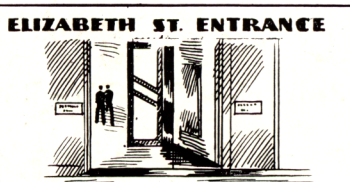
"Longshot"

E 6 — RANDWICK — E 6

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